Production No. 4F11

The Simpsons

"HOMER'S PHOBIA"

Written by

Ron Hauge

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by
James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify Script Department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

FINAL 1

Date 7/12/96

"HOMER'S PHOBIA"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH

MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

KIDS.....PAMELA HAYDEN/
.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT/
.....DAN CASTELLANETA/HANK AZARIA

TODD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER

HIP SALESWOMAN.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

JOHN.....JOHN WATERS

SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER

HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

FOREMAN.....HARRY SHEARER

100 WORKERS.....DAN CASTELLANETA/HANK AZARIA

WORKER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

WORKER #2.....HANK AZARIA

BUFFED WORKER.....HANK AZARIA

WORKER IN CROWD.....HANK AZARIA

MOE.....HANK AZARIA

BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MECHANICAL VOICE.....HANK AZARIA

HOMER'S PHOBIA

by

Ron Hauge

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY **SCENE 1**

BART is holding a wad of cash. A small crowd of KIDS looks on as he tosses baseballs, tennis balls, oranges, etc. into the dryer. Each item has a number scrawled on it.

BART

All right, everybody got their ticket?

Then get ready for today's Super-Barto

jackpot drawing!

Bart starts the dryer. The balls tumble around with **DEAFENING THUDS**.

MILHOUSE

Come on, canteloupe!

BART

Aannd 'round and 'round she -- uh-oh.

Bart notices that the dryer has jammed on an errant baby shoe (with "12" written on it). It starts to **HUM** and vibrate wildly. Just as he reaches for the "OFF" button, the dryer **BUZZES LOUDLY**, breaks loose from its moorings, and tumbles violently toward the kids. They scatter.

KIDS

(TERRIFIED SCREAMS)

TODD FLANDERS

I'm sorry I gambled, baby Jesus!

Please put down the dryer!

Suddenly, the severed gas pipe in the wall starts to **HISS** and shoot fire across the room like a flamethrower.

KIDS

(MORE TERRIFIED SCREAMS)

The kids **STAMPEDE** up the stairs.

BART

No refunds! Force majeure! Read the back of your ticket!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

HOMER stares glumly at a repair bill as a Springfield Gas Company van drives away.

HOMER

(WHINY MOAN) Nine hundred dollars? Well, we'll have to dip into the retirement fund again.

MARGE

There's nothing left in the retirement fund except a coupon for eye drops.

HOMER

(JUBILANT) Wait, I almost forgot! The Kids' Funeral Fund!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - A MINUTE LATER

CLOSE UP on a mailing label addressed to the Springfield Gas Company. We WIDEN TO REVEAL it is affixed to a huge Arrowhead water-jug filled with pennies (with one 32-cent stamp on it). Homer lugs it out the door.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Homer staggers toward the mailbox, struggling to keep a grip on the heavy jug.

HOMER

(HORRIFIC, STRAINED GRUNTS)

Finally, it slips from his fingers, hits the ground with a **WHAM** and keeps going -- **SLAMMING** itself into a 30 foot hole.

JUG'S P.O.V. - HOMER LOOKING DOWN THE HOLE

HOMER (CONT'D)

Aw, nuts. (CALLING DOWN HOLE) Hel-lo?

China? Little help?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The family sits around as Marge glumly examines the gas company bill.

MARGE

Well, I never thought it would come to this, but I guess we'll have to sell Grandma's Civil War doll.

She **UNLOCKS** the china cabinet and removes a porcelain figure in a Rebel uniform, carrying a Confederate flag. Strapped to his side is a canteen with an "XXX" on it.

LISA

Aw, Mom, are you sure you want to sell a family heirloom to pay the gas bill? I mean, what would your Grandma say?

MARGE

I'm sure she'd be proud that her descendants had piping hot tap water and plenty of warm, dry underwear.

HOMER

That is so true.

MARGE

Well, it is a piece of our heritage, so everyone take one last look at it for the scrapbook in your heart.

Marge holds up the doll. The family stares at it silently for a beat, then...

BART

(QUIET FALSETTO) Don't sellll meeee!

HOMER

(ELBOWS BART) Shut up, boy. We need the money.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - ESTABLISHING - LATER THAT DAY

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons enter a funky shop with a neon sign that reads "Cockamamie's." Out front is a Big Boy-style Krusty statue which holds a sign: "We Buy Antiques, Toys, & Collectibles."

INT. COCKAMAMIE'S - CONTINUOUS

The store is full of fun kitschy items: old arcade games, vintage advertising signs, wind-up toys, etc. PRINCIPAL SKINNER is looking at a display of old campaign buttons: "Click With Dick" and "I Like Ike", etc.

SKINNER

Hmmm. These campaign buttons are all partisan. Don't you have any neutral ones? "May The Better Man Win?"... "Let's Have a Good, Clean Election?" That sort of thing?

HIP SALESWOMAN

Uh, no, but we do have some old shirt buttons. (HE PERKS UP) They're kind of kooky and fun.

SKINNER

Missy, you just talked yourself right out of a sale.

He strides out of the store. Nearby, Lisa peruses a display of movie memorabilia. Bart approaches, **HOPPING** into frame on two springy stilts.

BART

Hey, Lis, check it out! Pogo Stilts! These were banned in all 50 states!

He stumbles, and one of the stilts **SPROINGS** away from him, flying across the store.

HOMER (O.S.)

(SCREAM OF PAIN) (THEN, SAD AND BAFFLED:) What happened?

LISA

Wow! An actual robot from the movie "Clank! Clank! You're Dead!"

She indicates a full-size robot holding two knives in its rubbery arms.

LISA (CONT'D)

Ech! Think of how awful it would be for the poor midget inside...

BART

Aw, boo hoo. That's what they get paid for.

As they walk off, a panel on the robot **CREAKS** open, revealing a midget skeleton still lodged inside.

ELSEWHERE IN THE STORE **SCENE 2**

Near the cash register, Marge gazes at a magazine encased in a lucite cube. A price tag on it reads "$8,500."

MARGE

(EXCITED GASP) Oh, Homer, look! Look!

A TV Guide owned by Jackie O.!

JOHN

(RE: TV GUIDE) Oh, you should see the

crossword puzzle! She thought that

"Mindy" lived with "Mark!"

HOMER

(VERY PROTECTIVE) Give her a break!

Her husband was killed!

They turn to see JOHN, the store's owner, behind the counter. He's fortyish and sports a pencil-line mustache and a bowling shirt.

JOHN

Oh, I know! Wasn't that awful?

(EXTENDS HAND) Hi, I'm John. Can I

help you with anything?

MARGE

Yes, I have something that I'd like to

sell.

JOHN

Please tell me it's your hair.

MARGE

(TICKLED; GIGGLES) Nooo. It's an heirloom my grandmother passed down to me -- a very rare old figurine from the Civil War.

Marge carefully unwraps the statuette and sets it on the counter.

LISA

Please don't construe our ownership of this as an endorsement of slavery.

JOHN

(EYEING IT) Huh. Well, see... he-- here's the thing on this. It's a Johnny Reb bottle, early 70's. One of the J&R Whiskey "Liquor Lads." Two books of Green Stamps, if I'm not mistaken.

MARGE

Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no. No. It's a very, very old figurine.

JOHN

No, it's-- it's a liquor bottle. See?

John unscrews the Confederate cap and **POURS** the last few remaining drops into a nearby Tiki glass. He **SIPS** it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ahhh. That'll make your Bull Run.

Marge is crestfallen as he hands the bottle back to her.

MARGE

(SAD MURMUR; THEN, PHILOSOPHICAL)
Well, I guess it'll always be a monument to Grandma's secret drinking problem...

HOMER

Okay, so maybe that thing's a hunk of junk, but look at what you're selling!

He gestures to a vintage toy ray gun in a box.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Fifty bucks for a toy? No kid is worth that.

JOHN

Oh, but this is the Rex Mars Atomic Discombobulator! Don't you just love the graphics on this box?

HOMER

No. (CONFUSED BEAT) How can you love a box, or a toy, or graphics? You're a grown man.

JOHN

It's camp! (OFF HOMER'S BLANK LOOK) The tragically ludicrous? The ludicrously tragic?

HOMER

(NOT GETTING IT) Oh, yeah. Like when a clown dies.

JOHN

Well, sort of... But I mean more like inflatable furniture or "Last Supper" TV trays or even this bowling shirt. Can you believe someone gave this to Goodwill?

John indicates his bowling shirt, with "Homer" on the front and "Pin Pals" on the back. Marge looks away, **MURMURING SHEEPISHLY**.

HOMER

And that kind of stuff is worth money?

JOHN

Boy howdy!

HOMER

Man, you should come over to our place. It's full of valuable, worthless crap!

JOHN

Well, if you're inviting me over --

HOMER

I practically insist. Shall we say, 5 o'clock? The snacking hour?

JOHN

(PATTING HIS CHEST) My heart is palpitating. (DELIGHTED HOOT)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT EVENING **SCENE 3**

Maggie observes as Marge sprays faces onto crackers with aerosol cheese, then tops them off with bits of olive.

MARGE

...pimento nose... and voila! Mommy's

patented Happy-Cracker Snack Platter!

The door chime **DING DONGS**. As Marge goes, Maggie exchanges her pacifier for the aerosol cheese. Her cheeks puff out.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge sets down the crackers and answers the door. It's John. Around his neck is a classic Brownie camera. He **RINGS** the door chime again.

JOHN

Ding Dong! Classic! I mean -- that

says it all, doesn't it?

John is immediately overcome by the room, and lets himself right in. He sees Homer and Bart watching bowling on TV.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(TO HOMER) Oh, man, you weren't

kiddin' about this place! Well, I just

love it!

Homer looks up briefly from his TV and sees John.

HOMER

Do I know you?

JOHN

Oh! The color scheme. And the rabbit

ears. And the two point three

children... I mean, where's the Hi-C?

Lisa enters with a tray of snacks and drinks.

LISA

Hi-C! And Fluffernutters!

John pretends to almost faint, overcome by delight.

JOHN

Oh, and pearls on a little girl? It's a fairy tale!

BART

Hey, John, think this is worth anything? It's a real Krusty arrest sheet!

He holds up a document with Krusty's mug shot and fingerprints. John scrutinizes it.

JOHN

Felony arrest, or misdemeanor? Because the misdemeanors are scarce.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The family gathers around as John admires the corn curtains.

JOHN

Oh, I've got the exact same curtains, only in my bathroom. (TO MARGE) Didn't you just die when you found these?

MARGE

Not really. They just had corn on them. Kitchen -- corn. (BEAT)

John thinks she's teasing, and he **SWATS** her playfully.

JOHN

(PLAYFUL) Oh!...

Marge **GIGGLES** and **SWATS** him back. Bart joins in, **SWATTING** Homer hard.

HOMER

Ow! Why you little...

Homer **THROTTLES** him. We hear **GRUNTS** as the two continue to battle.

BART

(CHOKING SOUNDS) Dad! (INDICATES JOHN) Company! Company!

Homer stops.

HOMER

Oh. (THEN, POLITE) I'll just be another minute, John. Have a seat.

He continues to choke Bart.

HOMER/BART

(FIGHTING/CHOKING SOUNDS)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

The bathroom is dark. We hear John **CHANTING**.

JOHN (V.O.)

Please be there, please be there --

John **FLICKS** on the light and beams, the happy Simpsons behind him. He's looking at a lucite toilet seat full of coins.

JOHN

Thank you, God.

BART

Yeah, it used to crack us up to sit on money naked. Now it's just our toilet seat.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

John joyfully browses through Homer's records: The New Christy Minstrels, Sgt. Barry Sadler, "Loony Luau," "The Wedding of Lynda Bird Johnson," etc. He selects a 45 and drops it on the turntable.

HOMER

So, do those records have "camp value?"

JOHN

Everything here does. You yourself are worth a bundle, Homer. Why, I could wrap a bow around you and slap on a price tag!

Homer, embarrassed and flattered, waves him off with a **LAUGH**. John gets up to dance, and he motions for Homer to dance, too.

JOHN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Homer! Join the party!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge and the kids, in the doorway, watch Homer and John as they bump to **DISCO** in the living room.

LISA

Mom, John loves "Itchy and Scratchy" as much as we do -- maybe more!

BART

Yeah, and he collects toy robots!

MARGE

He <u>is</u> quite a charmer. Your father's certainly taken a shine to him...

They watch as Homer **BUMPS** John hard to the disco music.

JOHN

Oof! Homer, you are the living end!

The men **LAUGH** and dance on.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Marge is serving breakfast to Homer and Lisa.

HOMER

That John is the greatest guy in the world. We've gotta have him and his wife over for drinks sometime.

Marge and Lisa exchange a look.

MARGE

Mmm, I don't think he's married, Homer.

HOMER

Oh, a swinging bachelor, eh? (SLYLY) Well, there's lots of foxy ladies out there...

MARGE

Homer, didn't John seem a little... festive to you?

HOMER

Couldn't agree more. Happy as a clam.

MARGE

He prefers the company of men!

HOMER

Who doesn't?

MARGE

(FIRMLY) Homer, he's a refined, well-groomed, slim single man...

HOMER

Right.

MARGE

... who owns a breadmaker.

HOMER

(REALIZING; HORRIFIED SCREAM)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **SCENE 4**

Homer, alarmed, pats himself down to make sure he's okay.

HOMER

(WHIMPERING) OhmyGod! OhmyGod! OhmyGod! OhmyGod! I danced with a Gay! Marge, Lisa, promise me you won't tell anyone. (GRABS LISA) Promise me!

MARGE

You're being ridiculous.

HOMER

Am I, Marge? Am I? Think of the property values! Now we can never say only straight people have been in this house!

MARGE

I'm very sorry you feel that way. Because John invited us all out for a drive today, and we're going.

HOMER

Whoa, not me. And not because John's gay, but because he's a sneak. He should at least have the good taste to mince around and let everyone know that he's that way.

MARGE

What on earth are you talking about?

HOMER

You know me, Marge: I like my beer cold, my TV loud, and my homosexuals fla-ming.

Outside, a car horn **BLARES** "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina."

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

John **IDLES** his massive yellow convertible outside the house. Homer peeks out to see John quick-draw a toy ray gun and aim it right at Homer.

JOHN

(GAY) Zzzzapp! (BLOWS SMOKE FROM BARREL)

HOMER

(GASP OF TERROR)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Marge and the kids, at the door, are dressed for an outing.

MARGE

Homer, at least come out and say hello.

HOMER

No! No, no, no, no...

His protestations continue under:

MARGE

Come on. You liked John this morning.

HOMER

(HISSY-FIT) No, no! I'm not setting foot outside this house until that man is gone!

BART

Oh, Dad, you are the living end.

Homer gives Bart a sideways glance, then pulls Marge aside for a private talk.

HOMER

Marge, you can't be seen hanging around with the oot-Fray oops-Lay. The last thing I need is a scandal when I'm up for the big promotion!

MARGE

You're not up for any promotion.

HOMER

Well, for our sake, I certainly hope not!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STREET - A MINUTE LATER

John helps Marge and the kids into his car, which is decked out with zebra skin seats, a campy hula dancer on the dash beside a campier hula Jesus, a mechanical cymbal-clapping monkey hood ornament, etc. John moves aside a three-foot-tall Santa robot so that Bart can sit down.

BART

Hey, where'd that cool creepy Santa come from?

JOHN

Japan. Except over there, they call him "Annual Gift-Man," and he lives on the moon! (STARTS CAR) We have ignition. Everybody ready to blast off?

MARGE / LISA / BART

Yaayy!

Homer, in the window, gawks at the scene. He **GASPS** when he sees ASSORTED NEIGHBORS outside gawking, too. He **GASPS** again when John begins to **ZAP** the neighbors with his ray gun.

JOHN

(ZAPPING SOUNDS)

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - JOHN'S CAR - DAY

Marge sits up front, the kids in back, as John conducts a GraveLine-style tour -- showing off the lurid sights of Springfield.

JOHN

...And that's where Kent Brockman was caught cheating in the Springfield Marathon...

MARGE / LISA / BART

(AD LIB IMPRESSED SOUNDS)

JOHN

(RE: PLUMBING SUPPLY) ...And there's where Lupe Velez bought the toilet she drowned in...

MARGE / LISA / BART

(MORE IMPRESSED SOUNDS)

On the street, a BUTCH WOMAN MIDGET window-shops at a Day-Old Bread Store. John points her out, and she waves to him.

BART

Who the hell is that?

JOHN

That's the great film actress, Pearl Strand! (OFF FAMILY'S STARES) Shirley Temple's midget double?

MARGE / LISA / BART

(BEAT, THEN VERY IMPRESSED SOUNDS)

Marge excitedly snaps a photo of Pearl Strand.

EXT. SHA-BOOM, KA-BOOM! CAFE - LATER **SCENE 5**

The 50's stucco eatery is shaped like a mushroom cloud, with seating that looks out through portholes in the cap. A sign reads: "LITTLE BOY - $3.95, FAT MAN - $12.95."

INT. SHA-BOOM, KA-BOOM! CAFE - CONTINUOUS

John, Marge, and the kids are eating lunch in a booth surrounded by images of atomic blasts and the crew of the Enola Gay.

BART

That was a killer tour, man.

LISA

I never realized how many celebrities humiliated themselves right in our own backyard!

JOHN

This <u>is</u> a sordid little burg, isn't it? Makes me sick in a wonderful, wonderful way.

SMITHERS (in casual clothes) walks past their booth.

SMITHERS

(SURPRISED) John!

JOHN

(AWKWARD) Uh... Waylon! I'd like you to meet the Simpsons.

SMITHERS

(NODS CURTLY) Yes. I know the Simpsons. Thank you. (LEANS IN TO JOHN, CATTY) So this is your "sick mother?"

JOHN

(HUSHED WHISPER) Don't do this to me, Waylon!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Homer peers out the door as the family gets out of John's car. As Marge enters, **LAUGHING**, Homer corners her.

HOMER

How'd it go? Tell me everything that happened! He didn't give you Gay, did he? Did he?

MARGE

Oh, geez Louise, you don't even know what you're worried about anymore. John's a witty, urbane person.

HOMER

(HURT) Oh, and I'm not.

A happy, excited Bart runs in brandishing a toy ray gun.

BART

Hey, Dad, look what I got! (AIMING AT HOMER) Zzzapp!! Zzzapp! Zzzapp! Zzzapp!

Bart runs off, **ZAPPING**. Homer looks distressed.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Homer lies on the couch drinking beer as Bart passes, wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Homer is concerned.

HOMER

Bart! Where'd you get that shirt?

BART

I'unno. Came outta the closet.

HOMER

Oh... uh... (TESTING) Quick, boy, what's your favorite holiday?

BART

Well, I like Christmas... (HOMER SMILES) But I love Halloween.

HOMER

(DYING INSIDE) I see.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT EVENING

The family is finishing dinner. Marge enters with a tray of Hostess Snowballs and Cupcakes.

MARGE

I hope you all saved room, because I made your favorite dessert: store-bought snack cakes! Both kinds!

She sets down the tray. Homer watches intently as Bart reaches first for the brown Cupcake, then the pink Snowball, then the brown Cupcake... then finally snatches the pink one and bites into it.

HOMER

(STIFLES A HORRIFIED GASP)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Marge and Homer are in bed in the dark. We hear tossing and turning and an **ODD GNAWING SOUND**.

MARGE

Homie, I can hear you chewing on your pillow. What's wrong?

Homer **CLICKS** on the light and sits up. A feather drifts out of his mouth.

HOMER

(TROUBLED) Marge, the boy was wearing a Hawaiian shirt!

MARGE

So?

HOMER

There's only two kinds of guys who wear those shirts -- gay guys, and big fat party-animals. (SADLY) And Bart doesn't look like a big fat party-animal to me.

MARGE

(SNIDE) So if <u>you</u> wore a Hawaiian shirt, it wouldn't be gay?

HOMER

Right. Thank you. (BEAT) I hope you realize this is all your fault. I mean, do you have to be so effeminate around the boy?

MARGE

Homer, I don't think there's a problem with Bart. But if there is, it's probably because you're not spending any time with him. Goodnight.

She **CLICKS** off the light, leaving Homer sitting up, bathed in moonlight and deep in thought.

SCENE 6

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

MOTOWN MUSIC is playing. Homer comes downstairs, happily **HUMMING** along.

HOMER

(HUMS; THEN) All right, boy! Come on! Today we're gonna-- (SEES BART)

(SHRIEKS)

Homer sees that Bart is putting on a show for Lisa, doing some Motown moves to "It's In His Kiss" while wearing a bouffant wig. Maggie dances along, falling.

BART

(UPBEAT) Gonna what, Homer?

Homer angrily snatches the wig and yanks the needle off the record with a **SKRITCH**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

John and Marge are gossiping over tea.

JOHN

... And Helen Lovejoy -- sure she looks blonde, but I've heard cuffs and collar don't match, if you get my drift...

MARGE

(DELIGHTED) I don't, but I loved hearing it!

Homer enters, carrying the bouffant wig, and sees John.

HOMER

You! I should have known!

JOHN

Well, good morning, Sunshine.

MARGE

(CHEERFUL) Homer, John brought us cactus candy! (OFFERS IT)

HOMER

Look, John, you seem like a perfectly nice guy and all. Just stay the hell away from my family!

JOHN

(CALM) Well, now you don't get any candy. (BEAT) No, that's cruel. Take a teensy piece.

HOMER

No.

JOHN

Homer, what have you got against gays?

HOMER

You know. It's... it's not... usual! If there was a law, it would be against it!

MARGE

Oh, Homer, please. You're embarrassing yourself.

HOMER

No I'm not, Marge! (RE: JOHN) <u>They're</u> embarrassing me! They're embarrassing America! They turned the Navy into a floating joke! They ruined all our best names, like Bruce and Lance and Julian! Those were the toughest names we had, now they're just... (GROPING)

JOHN

Queer?

HOMER

Yeah! And that's another thing! I resent "you people" using that word. That's <u>our</u> word for making fun of <u>you</u>. We need it! (BEAT) Well, I'm taking back our word and I'm taking back my son!

Homer storms out. John turns to Marge.

JOHN

(WRYLY) Oh, you know who'd like him, is my landlord.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT MORNING

Homer is driving Bart through town.

HOMER

Don't worry, boy. We're gonna set you straight. By tomorrow morning, you'll be a regular Burt Reynolds.

BART

What are you talking about, Homer? Where are we going?

Homer puts his arm around Bart as he drives.

HOMER

Just a couple of good ol'-fashion manly places. Father and son.

Then, he glances at his arm draped around Bart.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

You're leaving the arm there too long! You wanna make it worse?!

Homer whips his arm back.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O. CONT'D)

(FREAKING) No, no! He'll know you're on to him -- quick, shake his hand!

He shakes Bart's hand firmly (while driving).

HOMER

Just remember, son, whatever happens --

I'll always love you.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(URGENT PROMPTING) As...? As...?!

HOMER

... as a father! A father!! A regular

father!!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD FREEWAY - MINUTES LATER **SCENE 7**

Bart looks on as Homer sets up a lawn chair on the median strip of the **BUSY FREEWAY**.

HOMER

Whooh!

Homer motions for Bart to sit, then gets back in his car.

BART

What am I supposed to do here?

HOMER

Nothing. Just sit. I'll be back.

Homer speeds off, leaving Bart sitting there, puzzled. We WIDEN TO REVEAL that Bart is facing a billboard featuring two sexy women enjoying a pillow fight while smoking "Laramie Slims."

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Homer drives back up.

HOMER

Well it's been two hours. How do you

feel?

BART

I'unno. I kinda want a cigarette.

HOMER

That's a good start. Let's get you a pack. What's your brand?

BART

(CHIPPER) Anything slim!

HOMER

(FRUSTRATED MOAN, THEN:) Okay, that didn't work. (DETERMINED) But I know something that will...

SMASH CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - STEEL MILL - LATE AFTERNOON

The Ajax Steel Mill is a massive, ominous industrial complex. Dark smoke and flames spew from its giant smokestack, and we hear the **RHYTHMIC HAMMERING OF BIG STEEL**.

INT. AJAX STEEL MILL - FOREMAN'S SHED - CONTINUOUS

Homer, hands on Bart's shoulders, talks with a burly FOREMAN.

HOMER

Bart, I want you to shake hands with -- what's your name, fella?

FOREMAN

Uh, Roscoe.

Bart shakes hands with the foreman.

HOMER

Roscoe here runs this mill. He's gonna show us around and let you get a first-hand look at real All-American Joes doin' what they do best.

BART

Why the hell would I want to see that?

HOMER

You'll thank me on your wedding night.

INT. AJAX STEEL MILL - MAIN FOUNDRY - MINUTES LATER

The mill is teeming with activity. Gigantic cauldrons pour molten metal, WORKMEN **HAMMER** steel, etc. The foreman stands with Homer and Bart, all in hard-hats. Homer looks around and nudges Bart, impressed.

FOREMAN

Yo, listen up! I want all of youse to say hello to the Simpsons here!

All work stops. The workmen turn and wave daintily.

100 WORKERS

(GAY) Hel-lo!!

HOMER

(GASP) Has the whole world gone insane?

Homer looks around, panicked, and sees a WORKER swatting at ANOTHER WORKER's head.

WORKER

Stand still, there's a spark in your hair!

WORKER #2

Get it, get it, get it...!

Homer **WHIMPERS**. Behind him, a BUFFED WORKER passes with an impossibly heavy cauldron of molten steel. It **SIZZLES**.

BUFFED WORKER

Hot stuff, comin' through!

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

BART

Dad, why did you bring me to a gay steel mill?

HOMER

(NEAR HYSTERICS) I don't know! This is a nightmare! (TO WORKERS) You're all sick!

WORKER IN CROWD (V.O.)

Oh, be nice.

HOMER

(SOTTO WHINE:) Ohh, my son doesn't stand a chance! The whole world's gone gay!

The foreman pulls a cord, sounding the **5 O'CLOCK FACTORY WHISTLE**. All the workers drop their tools and step back as a variety of platforms begin to rise from the floor.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, what's happening now?

FOREMAN

(GAY NOW) We work hard, we play hard!

Suddenly, the **FACTORY WHISTLE** segues into the pounding **DISCO BEAT** of "Everybody Dance Now" by C&C Music Factory. Lights strobe, fog carpets the floor, and we now see that the mill has transformed into a glitzy, industrial super-disco filled with attractive, dancing workmen. A neon sign above reads "The Anvil." Homer covers Bart's eyes and hustles him out.

HOMER

(MOAN OF DESPAIR)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN: **SCENE 8**

ESTABLISHING SHOT - MOE'S TAVERN - THE NEXT DAY - NOON

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Homer is drinking beer and commiserating with MOE and BARNEY.

HOMER

...and the entire steel mill was gay!

MOE

(NOT SURPRISED) Where ya been, Homer? Entire steel industry's gay.

Homer shakes his head sadly.

MOE (CONT'D)

Yeah, aerospace, too. And the railroads. And ya know what else? (NODS KNOWINGLY) Broadway! Oh sure, you'd be surprised.

HOMER

Oh, I guess guys like us are the last real men, huh?

MOE

Yep, and we're a dyin' breed. And I don't just mean the thrombosis.

BARNEY

I always hoped Bart'd grow up to be just like us. What happened?

MOE

Oh, it ain't no mystery -- whole modern world has a swishifyin' effect on kids today. And their MTV's and their diet sodas ain't gonna set 'em straight neither. You gotta do it yourself, Homer. And you gotta do it fast.

HOMER

But what would turn Bart into a man fast? You have to think for me!

MOE

Well, lessee now... uh, time was, you'd send a boy off to war. Shootin' a man'd fix him right up. (MAD) But there's not even any wars no more thank you very much Warren Christopher!

BARNEY

Hey, better yet, Bart could shoot a deer. That's like shooting a beautiful man!

MOE

Hey, he's right, Homer. After the boy bags a deer, all the diet sodas in the world won't turn him back. Then you just sit back and watch the grandkids roll in!

HOMER

(CONSIDERS IT) Hunting, eh?

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SPRINGFIELD MALL - EARLY AFTERNOON

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Homer, Moe, and Barney leave the hunting supply store loaded down with ammo and gear. Each is now wearing a hunting jacket and plaid cap. As they walk past John's shop nearby, Homer glares in and is shocked to see Marge and the kids inside, **LAUGHING**.

HOMER

(GROWL)

INT. COCKAMAMIE'S - CONTINUOUS

John is off helping a CUSTOMER, and Bart is sitting in a **NOISY** arcade game. Homer marches in and confronts Marge.

HOMER

Stand aside, Marge. I'm taking the boy deer hunting. He's going to grow up straight for once.

MARGE

What? You never went hunting before, and you're perfectly straight!

HOMER

Oh yeah?! How long since you've had a baby?

LISA

But, Dad, it's barbaric! How does killing a deer make you more of a man?

HOMER

It just does! Name me one gay Indian!

John, finished with his customer, joins the family and eyes Homer's hunting outfit.

JOHN

(PLAYFUL) Uh-oh, something's gonna die!

HOMER

Butt out, butt-insky! What would you know about hunting?

JOHN

I know this much: I wouldn't wear that hideous hat. Here, take this one -- it was worn by Yale Summers in "Daktari."

HOMER

Hang onto it, Toy-Boy! You might need it when it starts raining naked ladies!

Homer grabs a confused Bart out of the arcade game and hustles him out of the store.

INT. MOE'S PICK-UP - AFTERNOON **SCENE 9**

Moe drives Barney, Homer, and Bart (on Homer's lap) out of town and up into the woods.

BARNEY

Today you're gonna be a man, Bart!

BART

You guys gonna teach me to drive?

MOE

(SOTTO, TO BARNEY) Oh, yeah, let a fruit-bar drive Betsy. Right.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) No, boy. You can't drive, you're only 10. You're going hunting!

MOE

Y'ever been huntin' before there, Barty?

BART

Nope. Something about a bunch of guys alone together in the woods... seems kinda gay.

Homer, Moe, and Barney exchange nervous looks. They sit silent for an uncomfortable beat. Then...

HOMER

That is a very immature attitude, young man.

EXT. WOODS - HALF AN HOUR LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

The men and Bart sit on a pile of rocks in a clearing, Homer cradling the rifle.

MOE

Remember, guys, the truck only holds six carcasses, so don't shoot nothin' but trophy bucks, huh?

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

AN HOUR LATER

The scene has not changed at all, except that the sun is setting and there are several beer cans scattered about.

DISSOLVE TO:

DUSK

Still no change, except there are empty beer cans everywhere. A smiley-face of bullet holes has been shot into a nearby tree.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

It's pitch dark, except for the flickering light of their campfire: a flaming spare tire.

BARNEY

Aw, we shoulda just stayed at the bar

and shot some rats.

MOE

Hey, those ain't your rats, Barn.

(BEAT) Well, Homer, you ready to call

it quits?

HOMER

Well... but... Wait a minute. Bart's

not fixed yet! He hasn't even --

MOE

Homer...

Moe gestures to Bart, who has fallen asleep behind them. He's lying curled up on his hands and looks quite angelic.

HOMER

(QUIET WHINY MOAN)

Homer sadly picks up Bart, and the men head back to the truck.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SPRINGFIELD - MOE'S PICK-UP - NIGHT

The lights of Springfield are just off in the distance as the hunting party nears home. Both Bart and Barney are asleep.

MOE

C'mon, don't take it so hard, Homer.

You still got that other kid... uh,

Lisa. Let's take her huntin' tomorrow,

make her into a man.

HOMER

(GLUM) Oh, she'd never go. She's a

vegetarian.

MOE

(OVERWHELMED) ...Aw, geez, Homer!

Geez! (THEN, CONCERNED:) You and

Marge ain't cousins, are ya?

HOMER

No... This whole thing is my fault.

I've been a lousy dad.

Homer hangs his head and mopes as the headlights illuminate a billboard (featuring Santa, Rudolph, and the North Pole). The sign says "See Real Live Reindeer at SANTA'S VILLAGE!"

MOE

(EXCITED GASP) Cheer up, Homer.

Christmas is comin' early this year!

Moe makes a hard turn, veering onto a darkened side road.

SCENE 10

EXT. GATE TO SANTA'S VILLAGE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

The pick-up slows as it approaches a padlocked gate, which has a sign reading "CLOSED FOR SEASON." Then it accelerates and **CRASHES** through the gate.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Lisa stares out the window as Marge nervously stirs sugar into her coffee and glances at the clock. John is attempting to console them.

JOHN

Did he say where they were going?

LISA

No. They were just going to find a deer and make Bart shoot it.

JOHN

Deer? (HOOTS) Not around here. They all migrated north when the state park converted to AstroTurf.

LISA

Ugh. That was so short-sighted.

MARGE

Well, I say good riddance to the grass stains.

LISA

But if there're no deer out there, then what are they hunting?

JOHN

Well, the only thing around here that's even close to deer is....

EXT. SANTA'S VILLAGE - REINDEER PEN - SIMULTANEOUS

The men, on foot now, have broken into the reindeer pen. A few docile REINDEER warily eat grass nearby as Homer carries a sleeping Bart into the pen.

HOMER

(SETS BART DOWN) Hey, boy, wake up!

Your old man found some deer!

Bart rubs his eyes and squints at the deer silhouettes.

BART

(SLEEPILY) Huh? Wow, you did?

(NOTICES) Wait, man, those are

reindeer.

Homer **BOLTS** the rifle and thrusts it into Bart's hands.

HOMER

Yep, and it's your shot, son.

BART

What? I'm not gonna shoot a reindeer

in a pen.

HOMER

C'mon, Bart. Be a sport and kill

Blitzen, okay?

BART

(UPSET) Da-ad --

MOE

Aw, criminy! Here come the waterworks.

HOMER

(MAKING HIS STAND) Bart, I'm gonna

turn my back -- and when I turn around,

I wanna see a whole pile of dead

reindeer.

Homer looks to Moe, who nods his approval serenely. The men turn away and plug their ears. Suddenly there is a **TREMENDOUS BANG**! Homer turns back to Bart, elated.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Attaway, son! You made your old man

proud!

BART

(SHRUGS) I didn't do anything.

The men watch as two stag reindeer butt antlers with another **BANG**!

BARNEY

(SCREAM) They're goin' nuts! Like in

those nature films!

MOE

Yeah, it must be matin' season!

We now see numerous crazed stag reindeer circling the men. Suddenly, one turns on them and charges.

HOMER / MOE / BARNEY

(GIRLISH SHRIEK)

The men scatter and run for cover. Homer snatches Bart, who drops the rifle in the confusion. Moe ducks under a water tub to hide; Barney crawls under a feeding trough. Homer and Bart find themselves totally exposed, surrounded by angry reindeer.

BART

Dad, I'm scared.

HOMER

Me too, son.

A massive stag steps forward and paws the earth, preparing to charge. A look of brave determination comes over Homer and he lifts Bart over his head to safety.

BART

No, don't! You have to protect

yourself!

HOMER

Son, there comes a time in every

father's life when he must -- GAAHHH!!

The charging stag **KNOCKS** Homer on his ass. (He is still holding up Bart.) He struggles back to his feet and is instantly blindsided by another one.

HOMER (CONT'D)

UNNGHH!!

This time, it's harder to get up, but Homer still manages to keep Bart above the fray.

BART

Dad, are you hurt?

HOMER

(PAINED) Just... my bones... and

organs...

Then, reindeer begin **ATTACKING** Homer from all sides. He's caught in the middle, **TOSSED** about like a rag doll, but still holding up Bart. (Every time he's about to fall over, he's **KNOCKED** upright by a stag **CHARGING** from the opposite side.)

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ASSORTMENT OF VERY PAINED NOISES)

It looks bad. Suddenly, from offscreen, Homer hears a loud, discordant, tinny version of "**JINGLE BELLS**" playing. The reindeer stop battering Homer and look around, confused. Then, as the shrill music draws nearer, we hear...

MECHANICAL VOICE (O.S.)

(GRATING) HO. HO. HO. (BEAT) HO.

HO. HO.

The "Ho.. Ho.. Ho.."s continue under:

HOMER

What the -- ?

In a LOW ANGLE SHOT, we see John's Japanese Santa robot looking huge and menacing as it lumbers toward the reindeer. It lights up and sparks, still making **TERRIBLE SOUNDS**.

HOMER (V.O.)

Bart, look! It's Santa Claus!

The reindeer **SNIFF UNCERTAINLY** at the intruding robot and back away from Homer as it nears. Then, Santa **FIRES** two rubber missiles from his arms. They bounce off a couple of startled stags, and all the reindeer retreat in fear.

BART

Whoa, it's Santa, all right! And he is

pissed!

HOMER

It's a miracle!

JOHN (O.S.)

No, Ultrasuede is a miracle. This is

just good timing.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL Marge, Lisa, and John just outside the pen. John is operating the robot's remote control. Homer and Bart rush to join them.

MARGE

(HUGGING HOMER) Mmmh! Mmmh! Oh,

Homie, I'm so glad you're safe! Mmmh!

(PUZZLED) Hmmm, you feel softer than

before.

HOMER

(WEAKLY) I've been tenderized.

BART

(RE: ROBOT) How'd you know that thing

would work?

JOHN

Well, the sound is just brutal. And I figured reindeer would naturally be afraid of their cruel master, Santa Claus. I mean, wouldn't you be? (HOOT)

The robot returns to John's feet, and he dusts it off. We now see Moe and Barney peeking out from under their hiding places.

BARNEY

Is it okay to come out now, Mr. Gay Man, sir?

MOE

I'll do anything you say! Anything!

EXT. SANTA'S VILLAGE - SOON AFTER

The hunting party and the rescuers walk to the pick-up and John's convertible.

BARNEY

Aw, Moe, we were saved by a sissy.

MOE

Yeah, yeah, we'll never live it down. Oh, boy, looks like it's suicide again for me.

Homer puts his arm around John.

HOMER

Hey, we owe this guy. And I don't want you calling him a sissy. This guy's a fag! And a -- (CATCHES SELF:) No, wait, wait, wait -- "queer!" Queer, queer. That's what you like to be called, right?

JOHN

Well, that, or John.

LISA

(ASIDE, TO JOHN) This is about as tolerant as Dad gets, so you should be flattered.

JOHN

Great! Well, Homer, I won your respect, and all I had to do was save your life. Now if every gay man could just do the same, you'd be set.

HOMER

Amen to that.

EXT. ROAD TO SPRINGFIELD - JOHN'S CONVERTIBLE - STARLIT NIGHT

John and the Simpsons drive back toward the lights of Springfield, Bart and Lisa in the back seat.

HOMER

(TURNING TO BART) Y'know, Bart, maybe it's just the concussion talking, but any way you choose to live your life is okay with me.

Bart turns to Lisa, confused.

BART

Huh?

LISA

(SOTTO, TO BART) He thinks you're gay.

BART

He thinks I'm gay?

MUSIC UP: "EVERYBODY DANCE NOW"

FADE OUT:

CHYRON: "DEDICATED TO THE STEEL WORKERS OF AMERICA. KEEP REACHING FOR THAT RAINBOW!"

THE END